Haue ſeene the day, with my two hand ſword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rattes.

Hoſt. Here boyes, ſhall we wag, ſhall we wag?

Shal. Ha with you mine hoſt.

Exit Hoſt and Shallow.

Pa. Come M. *Ford*, ſhall we to dinner?
I know theſe fellowes ſticks in your minde.

For. No in good ſadneſſe not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it ſo;
Come M. *Page*, ſhall we to dinner?

Pa. With all my hart ſir, *I*le follow you.

Exit omnes.

Enter Syr Iohn, and Piſtoll.

Fal. *I*le not lend thee a peny.

Piſ. *I* will retort the ſum in equipage.

Fal. Not a pennie: *I* haue beene content you ſhuld lay my countenance to pawne: *I* haue grated vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and your Coach-fellow *Nym*, elſe you might a looked thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. *I* am damned in hell for ſwearing to Gentlemen your good ſouldiers and tall fellowes: And when miſtriſſe *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, *I* tooked on my hothou hadſt it not.

Piſ. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reaſon you rogue, reaſon.
Doeſt thou thinke *I*le indanger my ſoule gratis?
*I*n briefe, hang no more about mee, *I* am no gybit for you. A ſhort knife and a throng to your manner of

of pickt hatch, goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me you rogue you: you ſtand vpon your honor. Why thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe thou, tis as much as I can do to keep the termes of my honor preciſe. I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of God on the left hand, am faine to ſhuffel, to filch & to lurch. And yet you ſtand vpon your honor, you rogue. You, you.

Piſ. I do recant: what woulſt thou more of man?

Fal. Well, gotoo, away, no more.

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.

Quic. Good you god den ſir.

Fal. Good den faire wife.

Quic. Not ſo ant like your worſhip.

Fal. Faire mayd then.

Quic. That I am Ile be ſworne, as my mother was
The firſt houre I was borne.
Sir I would ſpeake with you in priuate.

Fal. Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne houſhold.

Quic. Are they ſo? Now God bleſſe them, and make them his ſeruants.
Syr I come from Miſtreſſe *Foord*.

Fal. So from Miſtreſſe *Foord*. Goeon.

Quic. I ſir, ſhe hath ſent me to you to let you Vnderſtand ſhe hath receiued your Letter, (dit.
And let me tell you, ſhe is one ſtands vpon her cre-

Fal. Well, come Miſteris *Ford*, Miſteris *Ford*.

Quic. I ſir, and as they ſay, ſhe is not the firſt Hath bene led in a fooles paradice.

Fal. Nay prethy be briefe my good ſhe *Mercury*.

Quic. Mary ſir, ſheed haue you meet her between eight and nine.